

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Air—"Friend of my Soul."
Gild of my soul! one moment yet,
One moment give me;
This beautiful grove, where first we met,
Our parting spot, must be.
Oh! gaze upon you star my love,
Which beams on lake and tree;
And say, that when I love,
Thou'lt fondly think on me.
The wreath thou twinn'd of fairy flowers,
May wither and decay,
But oh! the joys of happier hours,
Can never pass away.
Yes, yes, they flee, but memory lingers
Her halo o'er the past;
And to the vivid fancy brings
Joys that forever last.
And when on distant shores I roam,
Mid gayest scenes to rove,
My heart will fondly turn to home,
And to its early love.
Then let no other, dearest win,
Thy gentle heart to mine;
For while life warmly throbs in mine,
Each pulse will beat for thee.

SELM.

HOME.

'Tis sweet to tread the mountain high,
And hear the breezes 'neath us sigh;
'Tis sweet to cast the eye below,
Where oranges luxuriant grow;
'Tis sweet to see the clouds so rosy;
But sweeter far to glide towards home!
When far away o'er seas we dwell,
And ne'er sweet Friendship's balm have felt,
What sweet emotions fill the heart,
When for our native land we start,
And then, O think what feelings come,
When we behold our friends—our home!
But soft! there is another sea,
Divides us from eternity;
O'er this we all awake most sad;
But when we return to tell his tale
Of wonders seen—"This ocean's foam
Was mine to an eternal home!"

G.

MEDITATIONS.

There is a sadness of the heart,
A gloomy pleasure brings;
A sorrow, that doth joy impart,
And sweetest comfort flings.
O'er grief's dark pageantry—
A gleam, that round the feeling soul
Entwines its mournful spell;
Bids tears of silent sorrow roll;
The heaving bosom swell,
Like waves of troubled sea—
The feverish pulse, the unceasing flow—
Emotions throbbing in the brain,
Reb, in sad strains of bliss and woe,
Of mingled joy and pain,
"My feelings of delight,
As when, mid gloom the western sky,
Tinged by the setting sun;
And crimson streaks bright array,
The shadowy clouds of day
That speak approaching night—
Yes, it is sweet, on you blue skies
To gaze unconsciously;
While thoughts of days departed rise;
And many a deep dream sigh,
Escapes the troubled breast:
Where calm the gently breathing air,
And silence gently profound;
While waking recollection, there,
With sweetest soothing crowns,
Brings visions of the past.
To think of youth's bright halcyon days;
Delights that hovered o'er
And taught from love fond hopes to raise,
Of happiness in store—
Allusions ne'er to part.
When time, her dazzling glories displayed,
To the admiring view,
And love, alighting artful
In dear enchantment threw—
Around the enamoured heart.
O'er, o'er frail memory's page to trace
(Faded, alike with griefs)
Dark humid clouds; sparkling rays
Of joy's bright sunny levers;
Feelings of happier hours—
The fleeting joys of youth, that shone
So fair—Hope's sunny stream;
And thoughts of future bliss, that won
From sorrow all its pain;
Gleams from grief's flowers.
The smiling friends, when life was new,
And fortune's pious store
A cheerful radiant prospect threw
The cloudless vista o'er:
When hope, perchance, had there
Portrayed the joy delighted mind,
Revering in fancied bliss,
The soul mid brightest charms enshrined
In rich voluptuousness—
Hence, yet how far!
But where is now, the pleasing dream
That cheered life's early dawn?
Oh! where, the bright and sunny beam
That o'er youth's joyous morn
Shed its refulgent ray?
Gone, like the rainbow's transient glow—
Epiphany of an hour—
A youth that wintry winds that blow
Beneath the sweet summer flower,
So passed they swift away.

Brief as the summer evening stay,
They were—and now are gone;
And wintry age with cheerless ray
Has hid the void, that soon
Shall render life in death!
But shall we mourn? Oh! no, though night
In darkest shades may bring;
Some shall awaken into light—
The genial smiles of spring
Burst from the winter's breath.

SENEX.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MY PRINCE.

"The but fancy's sketch."

Under the above head it is my present intention occasionally to submit to the censorship of your press, such pictures of life in its various forms as may strike my fancy, and as I think may be acceptable. I shall paint "fancy as it flies," and virtue, that rare and priceless gem, as I may chance to find it hidden beneath the rough exterior of poverty, or shining in all its lustre, on the breast of the exalted.

I say, (mark me, Mr. Editor,) it is my present intention so to do,

"There's many a slip,

"Between the cup and the lip."

You know, and I have taken, as my friend the old Militia Colonel, used to say, a "solid oath," looking myself full in the face in my shaving glass, with my razor uplifted in my right hand, and my strap, (one of Pretz's best) in the left, never, never, to make another promise—

and then I shall never be accused of breaking one. The other evening, I promised my neighbor, Mr. Attorney Feeble, to take tea with him, and talk over the case, Leavitt versus the Steam Insurance Company; and that very evening my wife, bless her dear little soul, that very evening she took into her head to—

but, no matter, it so happened—I could not go. At another time I promised, (that I was) to walk six miles in the country, with a friend, to see which of his two four year old colts, Johnny Q. or Old Hickory, had the finest bottom,—he's a conceited chap, and swears the result of the Presidential contest will depend upon this trial of his two nags—but I could not go, so I broke this promise, much to the displeasure of my friend. Just as I had seized my hat and cane, tap-tap-tap—that's the knock of a dun, says I; never mind, says my friend, we must be the sooner off—Well, sure enough, in walks Farmer Roebuck; is very sorry to trouble me, but really demands upon him as pressing—so numerous, so unavoidable, that would I be prepared the next day, if not convenient now, to discharge the small balance of ninety-five dollars and forty-three cents and three quarters, on the last crop of tobacco? Certainly, by all means, Mr. Roebuck, pray take a chair. "Have you din'd?"

"No, Sir."—There was a mistake—I was compelled to entertain him—he always gives me the preference in the way of business; and so my friend left me, to talk over our affairs together, the whole concluding with "well, Sir, to-morrow then, Sir, I will make so hold, Sir, as to call for that small balance of ninety-five dollars, forty-three and three quarters cents." "Certainly," Mr. Roebuck, certainly, you shall have it, Mr. Roebuck, by all means. Now, curse me, the morrow came, and the day after it, and the day after that, and it was to have saved me from bankruptcy, if I could not have paid Mr. Roebuck, his ninety-five dollars, forty-three and three quarters cents. So I have set it down as a rule of my future life, never to make a promise, no not even on paper—good Heavens, how I shudder to think of the solemn promises I have so often made on slips of paper, with the actual intention, alas understanding, that they were to be redeemed by other promises, and those by others, and others, and so on ad infinitum! Bless me! how this world is going to—

But then, my labor may be in vain—my sketches may be deemed unworthy to look in your fair city of arts and sciences, of military Pluck and brotherly love—and you, most punctilious and omnipotent "Herald," may pronounce them Trash, not fit even to stop a hole in your office window. Well be it so.

I knew an Editor, once, the best-hearted, noblest fellow in the world—one who was all good humor and kindness, full of anecdote and good feeling at home and abroad—in short, one who seemed to take the world as he found it, and make the best of it, for himself and those about him; a most pleasant, agreeable friend and companion, except taken at his letter-box. Then, good Heavens! how he'd fume and fret!—Sweet! why, sir, he'd swear like a trooper!—many the anathemas that many a poor scribbler unconsciously received, while my friend was opening onscrawl, and then another, and another, panned by unfortunate aspirants to poetic fame. I never shall forget one sultry evening in the latter part of the month of June; I accidentally popped in, just as he had engaged himself in his task of reading "communications." "Lord help the Editor of a literary paper," he groaned as I entered. "Without observing me he proceeded with his examination." "Um!"—Ode for the fourth of July.

"How blate ye cannon into the sky,

"For this is the great, the glorious day of July."

Throwing the paper at his feet, he deliberately opened another. "Sonnet, to the Declaration of Independence."

"Hail! thou first great declaration

"That made us a great glorious nation."

"Pshaw!"—he belched forth.

"Lines to Silly, on hearing her say she should like to go to the fourth of July."—And down that went with a crash.

Now, his Journal was one of most respectability, and was patronized and supported; by some of the best talents of the city of—

So it was to be supposed his letter-box, although filled with a great deal of trash; had, nevertheless, many a flower mingled with those vile weeds, whereunto to duck his columns. But fate had so ordered it at this time that all the gems of literature, had fastened themselves at the bottom of the box, and consequently, before he could reach one, he had to open and read fifty "communications," something like the above. He was hasty and irritable withal, and before he got half way through his letter-box, he stamp'd and swore by the holy gods it was too bad!—he was already melting with perspiration, and rising from his seat abruptly, fanning himself most violently with the last "Ode to the fourth of July" he had opened; he paced his office till the floor cracked again, when suddenly, as if some fixed determination had struck him, he called out to his amanuensis, "Wilson!"

"Sir."

"Wilson!"—and the devil to me, for Heaven's sake, Wilson."

"Here, you d-d devil—take this box—take this box, Sir, and empty the whole of its contents—the whole, Sir—into your d-d fire, Sir—quick, Sir!"—D—n the paper scribbles, says I.

Nay, Mr. Editor,

"Start not—'tis but fancy's sketch."

Who that has ever visited our village of Greenwood, will not have observed the little white chapel on the brow of a neighboring activity, surrounded by a large growth of Lombardy poplars, that wave in majestic beauty above its walls, as if to veil this humble sanctuary from the gaze of careless indifference, while they add a soft solemnity to the scene, fitted to the thoughts of the contemplative.

It covers the cemetery of a respectable family of the county, the head of whom, who rested in the Roman Catholic faith, caused this little edifice to be reared for the performance of those ceremonies of the Church, required by the

creed of its members for the repose of the departed; the prayers and the tears of affection have consequently been mingled at the holy altar, with a sincerity of heart that rendered them acceptable, doubtless, to that Being from whom no secrets are hid.

It was here that young Cleveland first met, and wooed, and won the then idol of his affections, the gay and beautiful Eliza M.—There upon that marble slab, would they sit together day in, day out, on a calm evening of a summer's day.

In the fullness of his heart he declared all his love for her, and what could Eliza young heart ultimately do but yield up its first and only affections to the safe keeping of one so devoted, so ardently devoted to her, as her young lover seemed to be, nay truly was.—She gave him her hand, and her confiding and affectionate heart went with it;—and that heart became his more and more, till she doated on his very form, and felt within her that he was indeed the source of all her earthly happiness.

Such is woman!—the seeds of early love in her young and tender bosom, warmed into being by kindness and devoted attention, soon bring forth a rich and luxuriant foliage, like the young vine of the forest, clings closer and closer to the protecting tree that shelters it, till it seems so knit into its very existence, that one would think the severance of the stem it clung to would be but the mandate for its own ruin and decay.

They lived together, in a retired part of the village, for several years. Their felicity was interrupted only once, when it pleased Divine Providence to call to himself one of the little seraphs he had lent them, to gild their celestial happiness with a still brighter glow. Then, indeed, the heart of Eliza was smitten within her, as she watched, with all a mother's fondness, by the cradle of the little sufferer. But Cleveland, when he took the infant in his arms, and it lay there quiet and motionless, as if all pain and suffering ceased—when the thought flashed across him, that that was but the indication that his little darling was about leaving him forever—when his eye became fixed upward, as if gazing on the heaven its innocent spirit was going to—and then—when it gazed, and its head sunk on his bosom!—who shall describe the unutterable anguish that unmaned him, as he returned the beautiful corpse of his once lively, smiling little Mary, into the arms of an attending nurse!

But they knew it to be the act of Providence, and they used to talk of meeting their dear infant in the bosom of their heavenly Father, and how sweetly the fair cherub would smile on them, as if he were still with them.

"Oh, my little Mary!" said Eliza, "Robert!" let us both try to be as certain of that state, as we are sure our little Mary was.

Time rolled onward—and although the green mound that covered their infant had occasionally been the extent of an evening walk, they ceased, as they ought, to indulge in preying sorrow, and returned to the enjoyment of domestic happiness in the society of each other and their remaining children.

During one of these evening walks they entered the inclosure of the white chapel—it was a long time since they had visited it together, and they found themselves seated on the very slab that formed its entrance, and in the very spot where, six years before, they had promised each other, love, fidelity, and a union of hearts and hands.

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"No, indeed, Robert—has he?" said she, sighing. "I never felt that Belmont—besides you know his character does not stand far, love. Have you seen him since his return?"

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